The Bradford Reporter.

S. W. ALVORD, Publisher. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $2 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XXXIX. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 6, 1878. NUMBER 1.

Business Cards.

PAINTINGS.

PORTRAITS AND LANDSCAPES
Painted to order at any price from $5 to $500.
Oil Paintings Re-painted, Re-Touched, or changes made as desired.
All work done in the highest style of the Art.
JOHANN F. BENDER.
Towanda, Pa., April 18, 1878.

I. ROGALSKI,
Employed with M. Hendelman for the past four years, begs leave to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has removed to the Boston 99-Cent Store, one door south of the First National Bank, and opened a shop for the repair of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. (Apr4'78.

W. J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—second door south of the First National Bank, Main St., up stairs.

O. D. KINNEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room. (Jan.31'78.

F. B. SWISHER,
DENTIST.
Office over Mrs. Mingos' store, Tracey & Noble's Block. Treatment of diseased teeth a specialty. Gas and ether administered when desired.—mch.28.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
OFFICE.—Formerly occupied by Wm. Watkins, Esq.
H. N. WILLIAMS. (oct.17, '77) E. J. ANGLE.

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dis't Att'y Bradf. Co. (feb.1'78.

MASON & HEAD,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Towanda, Pa. Office over Bartlett & Tracy, Main-st.
G. F. MASON. (ap'77) ARTHUR HEAD.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Smith & Montanye. (nov11-75.

E. F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Main Street (4 doors north of Ward House), Towanda, Pa. (April 12, 1877.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Esq. Porter. (nov19-74.

L. ELSBREE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Oct14-75. TOWANDA, PA.

C. L. LAMB,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WILKES-BARRE, PA.
Collections promptly attended to. July 27, '76.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
U. S. COMMISSIONER,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1878.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Crockery store.
Towanda, May 1, 1872ly*.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, up-stairs.
H. J. MADILL. (Jans-73ly) J. N. CALIFF.

GRIDLEY & PAYNE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
South side Mercur Block (rooms formerly occupied by Davies & Carnochan),
TOWANDA, PA.
E. C. GRIDLEY. (1477) S. R. PAYNE.

JAMES WOOD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
mch9-76 TOWANDA, PA.

CHAS. M. HALL,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary,
Will give careful attention to any business entrusted to him. Office with Patrick & Foyle, (over Journal Office), Towanda, Pa. (June7'77.

JOHN F. SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE.—Means Building (over Powell's Store).
mch9-75 TOWANDA, PA.

GEORGE D. STROUD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
Office—Main-st., four doors North of Ward House.
(Practices in Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and United States Courts.—Dec7.'76. TOWANDA, PA.

H. STREETER,
LAW OFFICE,
aug20. TOWANDA, PA.

OVERTON & MERCUR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
TOWANDA PA.
Office over Montanyes Store. (may6'75.
D. A. OVERTON. RODNEY A. MERCUR.

WM. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE OVER DAYTON'S STORE, TOWANDA, PA.
April 12, 1876.

PATRICK & FOYLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Towanda, Pa.
Office, in Mercur's Block. jly17-73.

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Office over Cross' Book Store, two doors north of Stevens & Long, Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. (April 12, '76.)

OVERTON & ELSBREE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, TOWANDA, PA. Having entered into co-partnership, offer their professional services to the public. Special attention given to business in the Orphan's and Register's Courts.
E. OVERTON, JR. (apr14-70) N. C. ELSBREE.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May28-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
The following
RELIABLE AND FIRE TRIED
Companies represented:
ANCSHIRE, PHŒNIX, HOME, MERCHANTS,
March 16, '74 O. H. BLACK.

1864. 1876.
TOWANDA INSURANCE AGENCY.
Main Street opposite the Court House.
W. S. VINCENT,
MANAGER.

DR. T. B. JOHNSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Dr. Porter & Son's Drug Store, Towanda.
Jan1-75tf.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain.
Oct. 24-72.

E. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Montanyes' Store. Office hours from 10 to 12, A. M., and from 2 to 4, P. M. Special attention given to diseases of the Eye and Ear.—Oct.19,'76-tf.

Clothing.

FAME.—In every community there are some men who become famous in some particular branch of trade. The history of

M. E. ROSENFIELD.

THE LEADING AND POPULAR

CLOTHIER!

Has enrolled his name on the roll of successful

ENTERPRISING MERCHANTS.

With his usual excellent taste and judgment Mr. Rosenfield has just opened an immense stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Selected with the greatest care, and every article guaranteed

He is selling elegant

SPRING OVERCOATS

at prices placing them in the reach of all.

Dont buy anything in the clothing line until you have examined

ROSENFIELDS STOCK

If you do you will regret it.

April, 18th, 1878.

JACOB'S

Is now receiving his

Spring & Summer

STOCK OF

CLOTHING!

WHICH HAS NEVER

BEEN EQUALLED BEFORE IN

THIS MARKET,

Either for

Quality or Low Prices.

Every Article First-Class.

PLEASE CALL & EXAMINE

BEFORE PURCHASING.

Patton's Block, Main-St.

Towanda, Pa., March 28, '78.

Wagons and Carriages.

THE

OLD ESTABLISHMENT

STILL TAKES THE LEAD!

Carriages CHEAPER THAN EVER, and Plat form Wagons at a GREAT REDUCTION.

JAMES BRYANT

Proprietor of the Old Carriage Manufactory, cor. Main and Elizabeth streets, would call the special attention of FARMERS and others to his large and complete assortment of

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES
AND PLATFORM WAGONS,

All of his own manufacture, and warranted in every particular to be equal to the most expensive city work.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY!

Look at the figures, and remember that every vehicle is warranted:

PLATFORM WAGONS.....$100 to $110
OPEN BUGGIES..... 80 " 100
TOP BUGGIES..... 125 " 150

The prices are far below the cost of manufacture and will not be maintained after the present stock is disposed of, so you must make selections NOW.

Don't be imposed upon by inferior work and poor materials, but purchase at the establishment which has been in operation for nearly half a century and is permanently located.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Office and Factory cor. Main and Elizabeth streets.

JAMES BRYANT.

Towanda, June 21, 1877.

NEW CARRIAGE FACTORY
East of the Reporter Office.

McIntyre & Spencer

Respectfully announce to the public that they are prepared to build all kinds of

FAMILY CARRIAGES,
TOP AND OPEN BUGGIES,
PHAETON & PLATFORM SPRING WAGONS,
TROTTING SULKIES & SKELETONS,

Made of the best material and in the best style. All work warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

PAINTING A SPECIALTY.

We have one of the best Carriage Painters in the country, and do all work in this line at the lowest rates.

All kinds of

REPAIRING

Neatly and promptly done at reduced prices.

Making new springs and repairing old ones a specialty. All work guaranteed. Please give us a call.

McINTYRE & SPENCER.

Towanda, April 3, 1877.

Miscellaneous.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY!
MRS. W. H. COVERDALE,
In her practice in this borough during the past year, has effected many wonderful cures. Her increased knowledge makes her fully competent to treat nearly all diseases incident to our race.
SPECIAL ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO PURELY FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
All kinds of Fevers, Appoplexy, Inflammation of the Eyes, Quinsy, Croup, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Inflammation of the Liver, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Amarosis, Deafness, Aphonia, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Dropsy, Chronic Rheumatism, St. Vitus Dance, Epilepsy, Gaiter, Neuralgia, Fever Sore, Cancer, Catarrh, Curvature of the Spine, Asthma, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, and other diseases too numerous to mention.
Charges moderate. Terms cash. Residence on Poplar-st., west of Western Avenue, where she may be found at all hours. may2.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. may30-1y.

HIE FOR THE WEST!
And the best thing in the West is
A HOME IN THE ARKANSAS VALLEY,
Through which runs the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.
2,500,000 ACRES OF LAND FOR SALE ON ELEVEN YEARS CREDIT WITH 7 PER CENT. INTEREST.
The abundance of excellent Water in Springs and running Streams, combined with Cheap Land of Superior Quality and the Finest Climate in the World, make it the most desirable in the West. Before locating elsewhere, apply for Circular Maps, &c., to E. E. DUANE,
Agent Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.,
Canton, Penn'a.
Canton, Pa., May 2, 1878.

OUR COMBINED CATALOGUE FOR 1878,
—OR—
EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN
Numbering 175 pages, with Colored Plate,
SENT FREE
To our customers of past years, and to all purchasers of our books, either GARDENING FOR PROFIT, PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE, or GARDENING FOR PLEASURE, price $1.50 each, prepaid, by mail.) To others, on receipt of 25c. Plain Plant or Seed Catalogue without Plate, free to all.
PETER HENDERSON & CO.,
SEEDSMEN, MARKET GARDENERS AND FLORISTS,
35 Cortland Street, New York.
March 7, 1878, tf

THE SUBSCRIBER TAKES Pleasure in calling the attention of his numerous patrons and the public generally, to the fact that he still continues a
GENERAL MARKET BUSINESS
At the OLD STAND of MYER & RUNDELL, in Carroll's Block, nearly opposite the Means House, and that he is prepared to furnish
SALT AND FRESH MEATS,
FRESH POULTRY,
VEGETABLES AND BERRIES
Of the very best quality, at as low rates as any other establishment.
C. M. MYER.
June 1, 1876-tf

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!
The undersigned is doing
PLANING, MATCHING, AND RE-SAWING,
And all kinds of Planing-mill Work,
AWAY DOWN! DOWN!! DOWN!!!
So far you can't see it.
I have also on hand a large stock of
SASH AND DOORS,
Which I am selling at prices to suit the times.
WINDOW-BLINDS
Made promptly to order, at a low price, for CASH.
IF YOU WANT TO GET RICH QUICK,
Call and see my Goods and Prices.
Lumber brought here to be milled, will be kept under cover and perfectly dry until taken away. Good sheds for your horses, and a dry place to load.
L. B. RODGERS.
Towanda, Jan. 18, 1877.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!!
MISSES SNELL & FARNHAM
Take pleasure in inviting their friends to call at their New Store,
A few doors north of Mercur Block,
And examine their stock of
NEW MILLINERY GOODS.
Dress Making done. Prices to suit the times.
Straw Work and Bleaching a Specialty.
Towanda, Pa., April 11, 1878.

TROY WOOLEN MILLS.
J. C. Loveland & Son,
Manufacturers of
WOOLEN GOODS, CARPETS, YARNS, &C.
Fulled Cloths, Flannels and Yarns manufactured by the yard on shares, or Wool taken in exchange for goods.
Yarn taken in the skein of customers, to be filed on cotton warps for Blankets, Sheeting or Men's wear.
We are always prepared to Roll carding, Fancy Dyeing (all colors), and Carpet Weaving.
J. C. LOVELAND & SON.
Troy, Pa., May 2, 1878-3m.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND..... 80,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President.
Feb. 14, 1878.

PASSAGE TICKETS
To and from Europe by
INMAN AND NATIONAL STEAMSHIPS.
Also,
FOREIGN DRAFTS IN ANY AMOUNT
For sale by
WM. S. VINCENT,
Main Street, - - - - Towanda, Pa.

SUSQUEHANNA
COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE.
Spring Term commences MONDAY, APRIL 8. For catalogue, or other particulars address the Principal,
E. E. QUINLAN, A. M.
Towanda, Jan. 17, 1878.

TO THE POOR!—DADEVILLE—Forty lots for sale (½ mile from the town centre) at the low price of Twenty-five Dollars per lot ($25). Location healthy; two miles from the lead mines, and work plenty: digging in the mines, cutting rails, wood, &c., or farming; provisions cheap. One-quarter of an acre in each lot. Terms, one-half down, balance in six months. Editor of this paper agent; for further particulars address
MRS. C. A. MILLER,
Dadeville P. O.,
Jan.24'78. Dade Co., Mo.

WESTERN TICKETS.—Persons preparing to "Go West" can purchase tickets to all points South and West at as low rates as at any other office, and have baggage checked, by calling on me at the Wyalusing Depot.
W. H. KINTNER.
Wyalusing, March 21, '78.

Poetry.

(For the REPORTER.)

LINES SUGGESTED ON THE DEATH OF ULYSSES SWEET.

There's a shadow o'er the household,
There's a hush in the summer air,
There's a sadness in the foot-fall,
There's a chill in the sunshine fair.

There's a place at the table that's vacant,
A voice that's hushed forever;
Can we forget thy smiling face?
Can we forget thee?—never!

I knew that he was going,
And I watched his fleeting breath,
Until his form so lovely
Was cold and still in death.

But my trust is in the Saviour,
Who doeth all things well;
And he will take my loved one,
On high with Him to dwell.

Loved one, I long to meet thee,
Where parting is no more;
And I would happy greet thee,
On Heaven's peaceful shore. S. S.

Monroeton, May 20th.

(For the REPORTER.)

A ROSE.

I gave to my love a rose
At dawn, when the sky was red;
A rose imparled in the dew,
And every petal was wed.

To a tender thought of Him
Who had done my heart despite,
To whom my soul had turned
As roses turn to the light.

He kept my rose till eve,
Till the sky was dun and gray,
Then broken, bruised, and grieved,
He tossed my rose away.

Well, 'twas only a flower,
What right had I to complain?
It pleased my love for an hour,—
Unhoed let it remain.

Troy, Pa. MINNIE C. BALLARD.

(For the REPORTER.)

THE BUTTERFLY.

I saw a butterfly to-day,
And though the spring is new,
She seemed as sweet and fresh and gay,
As later comers do.

The pussy-willow gave delight,
And with the honey bees
She escorted, till the shades of night
Brought weary winglets' ease.

I wonder will she come again,
When morrow's sun is red,
And with her loveliness obtain
A heart by beauty led?

Troy, Pa. MINNIE C. BALLARD.

Miscellaneous.

Widow Cobb.

The fire crackled cheerfully on the broad hearth of the old farm-house kitchen, a cat and three kittens basked in the warmth, and a descrepit yellow dog lying full in the reflection of the blaze, wrinkled his black nose approvingly, and turned his hind feet where his fore feet had been.

Over the chimney hung several fine hams and pieces of dried beef. Apples were festooned along the ceiling, and crooked-neck squashes vied with red peppers and slips of dried pumpkins in garnishing each window frame. There were plants, too, on the window ledges—horse-shoe geraniums, and dew plants, and a monthly rose just budding, to say nothing of pots of violets that perfumed the whole place whenever they took it into their purple heads to bloom.

The floor was carefully swept—the chairs had not a speck of dust upon leg or round; the long settee near the fireplace shone as if it had been varnished, and the eight-day clock in the corner had had its white face newly washed, and seemed to tick the louder for it. Two arm-chairs were drawn up at a cozy distance from the hearth and each other; a candle, newspaper, a pair of spectacles, a dish of red-cheeked apples and a pitcher of cider, filled a little table between them.

In one of these chairs sat a comfortable-looking woman of about 45, with cheeks as red as the apples, and eyes as dark and bright as they had ever been, resting her elbow on the table, and looking very thoughtfully into the fire. This was Widow Cobb—"relict" of Deacon Levi Cobb, who had been mouldering in to dust in the Bytown churchyard for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead husband, possibly because—all her work being done, and the servant gone to bed—the sight of his empty chair at the other side of the table, and the silence of the room, made her a little lonely.

"Seven years," so the widow's reverie ran. "It seems as if it were more than fifty—and yet I don't look so very old, either. Perhaps it's not having children to bother my life out, as other people have. They may say what they like—children are more plague than profit—that's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow, and I am sure they have done it, though she will never own it."

The widow took an apple from the dish and began to peel it.

"How dreadful fond Mr. Cobb used to be of these grafts. He never will eat any more of them, poor fellow, for I don't suppose they have apples where he has gone to. Heigho! I remember very well how I used to throw apple-parings over my head when I was a girl to see who I was going to marry."

Mrs. Cobb stopped short and blushed. For in those days she did not know Mr. Cobb, and was always looking eagerly to see if the peel had formed a capital "S." Her meditations took a new turn.

"How handsome Sam Payson was! and how much I used to care about him. I wonder what has become of him? Jerusha says he went away from our village just after I did, and no one has ever heard of him since. And what a silly thing that quarrel was! If it had not been for that—"

Here came a long pause, during which the widow looked very steadfastly at the empty arm-chair of Levi Cobb, deceased. Her fingers played carelessly with the apple paring; she drew it safely toward her, and looked around the room.

"Upon my word it is very ridiculous, and I don't know what the neighbors would say if they saw me."

Still the plump fingers drew the red peel nearer.

"But then they can't see me, that's a comfort, and the cat and old Bowse never will know what it means. Of course I don't believe anything about it."

The paring hung very gracefully from her hand.

"But still I should like to try it; it would seem like old times, and—"

Over her head it went and curled up very quietly on the floor at a little distance. Old Bowse, who always slept with one eye open, saw it fall and marched deliberately up to smell of it.

"Bowse—Bowse—don't touch it!" cried his mistress, and bending over it with a beating heart, she turned as red as fire. This was as handsome a capital "S" as any one could wish to see.

A great knock came suddenly at the door. Bowse growled, and the widow screamed and snatched up the apple paring.

"It's Mr. Cobb—it's his spirit come back again, because I tried that silly trick," she thought fearfully to herself.

Another knock—louder than the first, and a man's voice exclaimed:

"Hillo the house!"

"Who is it?" asked the widow, somewhat relieved to find that the departed Levi was still safe in his grave upon the hillside.

"A stranger," said the voice.

"What do you want?"

"To get a lodging for the night."

The widow deliberated.

"Can't you go on?—there's a house half a mile further, if you keep to the right-hand side of the road and turn to your left after you get by—"

"It's raining cats and dogs, and I'm very delicate," said the stranger, coughing. "I'm wet to the skin—don't you think you can accommodate me? I don't mind sleeping on the floor."

"Raining, is it? I did n't know that;" and the kind-hearted little woman unbarred the door very quickly. "Come in, whoever you may be. I only asked you to go on because I am a lone woman with only one servant in the house."

The stranger entered—shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog upon the step, and scattering a little shower of drops over the hostess and her nicely swept floor.

"Oh—that looks comfortable after a man has been out for hours in a storm," he said, as he caught sight of the fire, and striding along toward the hearth, followed by Bowse, who sniffed suspiciously at his heels, he stationed himself in the arm-chair—Mr. Cobb's arm-chair, which had been kept sacred to his memory for seven years. The widow was horrified, but her guest looked so weary and worn-out that she could not ask him to move, but busied herself in stirring up the blaze, that he might the sooner dry his dripping clothes. A new thought struck her: Mr. Cobb had worn a comfortable dressing-gown during his illness, which still hung in the closet at the right. She could not let this poor man catch his death by sitting in that wet coat; if he was in Mr. Cobb's chair, why should he not be in Mr. Cobb's wrapper? She went nimbly to the closet, took it down, fished out a pair of slippers from a boot-rack below, and brought them to him

"I think you had better take off your coat and boots; you will have the rheumatic fever or something like it if you don't. Here are some things for you to wear while they are drying. And you must be hungry, too; I will go into the pantry and get you something to eat."

"She bustled away, "on hospitable thoughts intent," and the stranger made the exchange. He was a tall, well-formed man, with a bold but handsome face, sunburned and heavily bearded, and looking anything but "delicate," though his blue eyes glanced out from under a forehead white as snow. He looked around the kitchen and stretched out his feet before him, decorated with the deacon's slippers. Then he leaned forward and stroked the cat and her brood and patted old Browse upon the head. The widow, bringing in sundry good things, looked pleased at his attentions to her dumb friends.

"It's a wonder Bowse does not growl; he generally does if strangers touch him. Dear me! How stubid."

The last remark was neither addressed to the stranger nor the dog, but to herself. She had forgotten that the little stand was not empty—and there was no room on it for the things she held.

"Oh, I'll manage it," said the guest, gathering up paper, candle, apples and spectacles—(it was not without a little pang that she saw them in his hand, for they had been the deacon's and were placed each night, like the arm-chair, beside her)—and deposited them on the settee.

"Give me the table-cloth, ma'am; I can spread it as well as any woman; I've learnt that along with scores of other things in my wanderings. Now let me relieve you of those dishes; they are far too heavy for those little hands" (the widow blushed); "now please sit down with me, or I cannot eat a morsel."

"I had supper long ago, but really I think I can take something more," said Mrs. Cobb, gently drawing her chair nearer to the little table.

"Of course you can, my dear lady—in this cold autumn weather people ought to eat twice as much as they do in warm. Let me give you a piece of the ham—your own curing, I dare say."

"Yes, my poor husband was very fond of it. He used to say that no one understood curing ham and drying beef better than I."

"He was a most sensible man, I am sure. I drink your health, madam, in this cider."

He took a long draught and set down his glass.

"It is like nectar."

The widow was feeding Bowse and the cat (who thought they were entitled to a share of every meal eaten in the house), and did not quite hear what he said. I fancy she would hardly have known what "nectar" was—so it was quite as well.

"Fine dog, ma'am—and a very pretty cat."

"They were my husband's favorites," and a sigh followed the answer.

"Ah! your husband must have been a very happy man."

The blue eyes looked at her so long that she grew flurried.

"Is there anything more I can get for you, sir?" she asked at last.

"Nothing more, thank you kindly. I have finished."

She rose to clear the things away. He assisted her, and somehow their hands had a queer nack of touching as they carried the dishes to the pantry shelves. Coming back to the kitchen, she put the apples and cider back in their old places, and brought out a clean pipe and a box of tobacco from an arched recess near the chimney.

"My husband always said he could not sleep after eating supper late unless he smoked," she said. "Perhaps you would like to try it, sir?"

"Not if it is to drive you away," he answered, for she had her candle in her hand.

"Oh, no—I do not object to smoke at all." She put the candle down—some faint suggestion about "propriety" troubled her, but she glanced at the clock and felt reassured. It was only half-past 9.

The stranger pushed the stand back after the pipe was lit, and drew her easy-chair a little nearer the fire—and his own.

"Come, sit down," he said, pleadingly. "It's not late—and when a man has been knocking about in California and all sorts of places, for a berth like this—and to have a good-natured, pretty woman to speak to once again."

"California? Have you been to California!" she exclaimed, dropping into the chair at once.

Unconsciously, she had long cherished the idea that Sam Payson—the lover of her youth—with whom she had so foolishly quarreled, had pitched his tent, after many wanderings in that far-off land. Her heart warmed to one who, with something of Sam's looks and ways about him had always, been sojourning in that country—and who very possibly had met him—perhaps had known him intimately! At that thought her heart beat quick, and she looked very graciously at the bearded stranger who, wrapped in Mr. Cobb's dressing-gown, wearing Mr. Cobb's slippers, and sitting in Mr. Cobb's chair besides Mr. Cobb's wife, smoked Mr. Cobb's pipe, with such an air of feeling most thoroughly and comfortably at home!

"Yes, ma'am—I've been in California for the last six years. And before that I went quite round the world—in a whaling ship."

"Good gracious!"

The stranger sent a puff of smoke curling gracefully over his head.

"It's very strange, my dear lady, how often you see one thing as you go wandering about the world after that fashion"

"And what is that?"

"Men, without house or home above their heads, roving here and there, and turning up in all sorts of odd places, caring very little for life as a general thing, and making fortunes just to fling them away again—and all for one reason. You don't ask me what it is! No doubt you know already very well."

"I think not, sir."

"Because a women has jilted them!"

Here was a long pause, and Mr. Cobb's pipe emitted short puffs with rapidity. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and the widow's cheek was dyed with blushes as she thought of the absent Sam.

"I wonder how women manage when they get served in the same way," said the stranger, musingly. "You never meet them roaming up and down in that style."

"No," said Mrs. Cobb, with some spirit; "If a women is in trouble she must stay at home and bear it in the best way she can. And there's more women bearing such things than we know of, I dare say."

"Like enough. We never knew whose hands get pinched in a trap unless they scream. And women are too shy, or too sensible, which you choose, for that."

"Did you ever in all your wonderings, meet any one by the name of Samuel Payson?" asked the widow, unconcernedly.

The stranger looked towards her—she was rummaging her drawer for the knitting work and did not notice him. When it was found and the needles in motion, he answered her.

"Payson? Sam Payson? What! He was my most intimate friend! Do you know him?"

"A little—that is, I used to when I was a girl. Where did you meet him?"

"He went with me on the whaling voyage I told you of, and afterwards to California. We had a tent together, and some other fellows with us, and we dug in the same claim for more than six months."

"I suppose he was quite well?"

"Strong as an ox, my dear lady."

"And—happy?" said the widow, bending close over her knitting.

"Hum—the less about that the better—perhaps. But he seemed to enjoy life after a fashion of his own. And he got rich out there, or rather I will say—very well off."

Mrs. Cobb did not pay much attention to that part of the story. Evidently she had not finished asking questions. But she was puzzled about her next one. At last she brought it out beautiful.

"Was his wife with him in California?"

The stranger looked at her with a twinkling eye.

"His wife, ma'am! Why, bless you, he hasn't got one!"

"Oh, I thought—I mean heard"—here the little widow remembered the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and stopped before she told such a tremendous fib.

"Whatever you heard of his marrying was all nonsense, I can assure you. I know him well, and he had no thought of the kind about him. Some of the boys used to tease him about it—but he very soon made them stop."

"How?"

"He just told them frankly that the only woman he had ever loved had jilted him years before, and married another man. After that no one ever mentioned the subject to him again except me."

Mrs. Cobb laid her knitting aside and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"He was another speciman of the class of men I was speaking of. I have seen him face death a score of times as quitely as I face the fire. 'It matters very little what takes me off,' he used to say; 'I've nothing to live for, and there's no one to shed a tear for me when I am gone.' It's a sad thought for a man to have, isn't it?"

Mrs. Cobb sighed as she said she thought it was.

"But did he ever tell you the name of the lady who jilted him?"

"I know the first name."

"What was it."

"Maria."

The plump little widow almost started out of her chair the name was spoken so exactly as Sam would have said it.

"Did you know her?" he asked, looking keenly at her.

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

"Yes."

"And where is she now? Still happy with her husband, I suppose, and never giving a thought to the poor fellow who she drove out of the world."

"No," said Mrs. Cobb, shading her face with her hand, and speaking unsteady. "No, her husband is dead."

"Ah. But still she never thinks of Sam." There was dead silence.

"Does she?"

"How can I tell?"

"Are you still friends?"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to know, and do. Tell me."

"I am sure I don't know why I should. But if I do, you must promse me, on your honor, never to tell him if you ever meet with him again."

"Madam, what you say to me never shall be repeated to any mortal man, upon my honor."

"Well, then, she does remember him!"

"But how?"

"As kindly, I think, as he could wish."

"I am glad to hear it for his sake. You and I are the friends of both parties; we can rejoice with each other."

He drew his chair nearer hers, and took her hand. One moment she resisted, but it was a magic touch; the rosly palm lay very quietly in his, and the dark beard went so low that it nearly touched her shoulder. It did not matter much. Was he not Samuel Payson's dear friend? If he was not the rose, had he not dwelt very near it for a long, long time?

"It was a very foolish quarrel that parted them," said the stranger softly.

"Did he tell you about it?"

"Yes, on board the whaler."

"Did he blame her much?"

"Not so much as himself. He said that his jealousy and ill-temper drove her to break off the match; but he thought sometimes if he had only gone back and spoken kindly to her, she would have married him after all."

"I am sure she would," said the widow, piteously. "She has owned it to me more than a thousahd times."

"She was not happy then with another."

"Mr. ——, that is to say, her husband—was very good and kind," said the little woman, thinking of the lonely grave on the hillside rather penitently, "and they lived very pleasantly together. There never was a harsh word between them."

"Still—might she not have been happier with Sam? Be honest and say just what you think."

"Yes."

"Bravo! That is what I wanted to come at. And now I have a secret to tell you, and you must break it to her."

Mrs. Cobb look rather scared.

"What is it?"

"I want you to go and see her, wherever she may be, and say to her—Maria! What makes you stare so?"

"Nothing—only you speak so like some one I used to know, once in a while."

"Do I?"—well, take the rest of the message. Tell her that Sam loved her through the whole; that when he heard she was free he began to work hard at making a fortune; he has got it, and is coming to share it with her, if she will let him. Will you tell her this?

The widow did not answer. She had freed her hand from his, and covered her face with it. By and by she looked up again. He was waiting patiently.

"Well?"

"I will tell her."

He rose from his feet, and walked up and down the room. Then he came back, and, leaning on the mantal-piece, stroked the yellow hide of Bowse with his slipper.

"Make her quite understand that he wants her for his wife. She may live where she likes, and how she likes, only it must be with him."

"I will tell her."

"Say he has grown old, but not cold; that he loves her now perhaps better than he did twenty years ago; that he has been faithful to her all through his life, and that he will be faithful till he dies——"

The Californian broke off suddenly. The widow answered still—

"I will tell her."

"And what do you think she will say?" he asked, in an altered tone.

"What can she say but COME!"

"Hurrah!"

The stranger caught her out of her chair as if she had been a child, and kissed her.

"Don't—oh, don't!" she cried out. "I am Sam's Maria.

"Well—I am Maria's Sam!"

Off went the dark wig and the black whiskers—there smiled the dear face she had never forgotten. I care you to imagine the tableau—even the cat got up to look. Bowse sat on his stump of a tail, and wondered whether he was on his heels or his head. The little widow gave one scream, and then said—

But stop! Quiet people like you and me, dear reader, who have got over all these follies, and can do nothing but turn up our noses at them, have no business here. I will only add that two hearts were very happy; that Bowse concluded after a while that all was right, and so laid down again; and that not a great while afterward there was a wedding at the house that made the neighboring farmers stare. Widow Cobb had married her first love!

STRANGE PEOPLE.

People who like bagpips.
People who dislike oysters.
People at this period of our commercial prosperity, when writing paper costs next to nothing, will persist in writing across their letters.
People who say leesure, interesting and inhospitable and applikable.
People who have no relations.
People who dye their hair.
People who like getting up early in the morning.
People who have more money than they know what to do with.
People who possess a stock of old port.
People who have never been abroad.
People who give donations to street beggers and organ grinders.
People who take long walks before breakfast.
People who spend their income for flowers for the buttonhole.
People who light and leave off fires on certain days.
People who like paying income tax.
People who buy early and costly asparagus—nine inches of white stalk to one of green head.
People who have no sense of humor.
People who give large parties in small rooms.
People who lavish their money on the heathen abroad and leave the heathen at home to take care of themselves.
People who will keep all their old letters.
People without prejudices, weaknesses, antipathies, hobbies, crochets, or favorite theories.
People who have nothing the matter with their indigestion and can eat anything.
People who can eat snuff.
People who never turn back.

MAN'S AGE.—Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little significance in it; for even tho' not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run; the weak to burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of the animals, is one that seldom comes up to this average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches, on an average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only irregular, and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

HOW TO DETECT MARRIED PEOPLE.—If you see a lady and gentleman disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be sure they have tied the matrimonial noose. If you see a silent pair in a cab or railway carriage lolling carelessly, one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible. If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by her side kindly tells her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or, you see a lady whose beauty and accomplishments attract the attention of every gentleman in the room but one, you have no difficulty in determining their relationship to each other—the one is her husband. If you see a gentleman particulary courteous, obliging and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying sharp things, and toying with every pretty woman in the room, except one, to whom he appears particularly cold and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that is nobody can be at a loss to discover. The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation; they may be resorted to with perfet confidence; they are founded upon unerring principles, and deduced from every day expeeience.

AN EXCUSE.—One of the teachers in the 12th Ward Public School received, the other day an excuse written in behalf a delinquent pupil by the father. It runs in this wise: "*Miss Teacher:*—Dot poy of mine vos absent de oder day ven he sthaid out. He got yon big colt in his neck vot makes him much trouble all de vile. Please don't give him some bunishment ven he vos late in de morning. He would got there shust in time every day, but he is not himself to blame; he is got no mother. She vos dead ten years ago. I am this poy's parent by his mother before she vos dead."

THE trimming of the vain would clothe the naked.

"VOLUNTARY and responsible insanity" is Gerritt Smith's analysis of drunkenness.

UPON THE SEA AT SUNSET.

With heav'n above and heav'n below,
And Summer's languid airs around,
Our tiny boat is drifting slow
Through summer evening's hush profound,
Where the hot sun awhile ago
Within the opal waves was drowned.

We sail towards yon enchanted isle
Of cloud that rises in the West,
Reflecting day's last loveliest smile;
And silent on our oars we rest,
And let that visioned shore beguile
Our bark along the water's breast.

How sweetly steals across the bay,
From flow'ry gardens on the shore,
Delicious odors that the day
For the young night hath kept in store!
How soft the light wind's tender sway
Upon the sea, so calm before!

Up from the pale East, blushing red,
But ever higher and more fair,
What time the stars steal overhead
And brighten in the purple air,
You moon, her beams with twilight wed,
Ascends, Night's advent to prepare.

The distant lighthouse flaming glows—
Dims, glows again. O blest release,
When Life's dark chain of cares and woes
Some angel from far heav'n doth ease,
And hearts, toil-wearied, may repose
Within an Infinite of Peace!

SOONER OR LATER.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat
Over my slumbers from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie.
Nothing their s